

Youth | the reluctant missionary



you
can't
run
away . . .

Everyday I walk down the same street to work. About in the middle of the block there is a blind woman who stands holding a tin cup half-filled with pencils. She leans against the grey cement office building, occasionally checking to feel if her coat is on right. She is aware of the rush of the city and the occasional coin which drops into her cup, but her eyes are closed. They look as though they have never been open.

When I first began my job I would walk quickly by her and concentrate on making the light to get across the street. She just stood there, unaware that I had come and gone. The next day she was back and so was I. I spotted her from a distance and chose to walk on the other side of the street . . . it was just as convenient anyway.

Then once, it was a rainy day, I forgot . . . and I again found myself next to her on the street. Her eyes were just as tightly closed. Nothing about her had changed except the pencils and cup were wet. I reached quickly into my pocket and heard the plunk of the quarter as it reached the bottom of the cup. A delicate voice answered: "Thank you very much." I walked on.

I don't cross over to the wrong side of the street any more. The blind woman is no longer a threat to me: she is a friend. I was afraid of her before because I saw her need. I was embarrassed because I have so much and she has so little. I was hesitant to give to her because I would have to commit myself. I tried to run away. But even on that first day I think I knew that I really couldn't run away . . . and I didn't want to.

—JOAN HEMENWAY

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When city dwellers needed help

I'm writing from Beirut in Lebanon. Not very many miles from here is the place where Jonah was heaved up onto dry land by the big fish. At least, so the people of the neighborhood say. And they ought to know. Their village is called Nabi Younis, which in Arabic means "Prophet Jonah." Down by their beautiful sandy beach is a venerable mosque with an underground sanctuary dedicated to the water-logged old mariner. Jonah belongs not only to Christianity and Judaism, but to the folklore of Islam as well. In fact, he represents a type which is practically universal—the reluctant missionary.

Why did Jonah—and why do Christians today—resist so vigorously the call to reach out in mission, whether it comes in the Almighty's personal tap on the shoulder, or in the appeal of church agencies for funds and volunteers?

For one thing, Jonah didn't believe it was really necessary to go all the way to Nineveh to preach to the heathen there (whom he disliked quite heartily, just by reputation). As he told God later on, he knew all the time that the Almighty would never destroy the Ninevites anyway. These people would make out, ultimately, without an missionary.

Jonah had a point. The best evidence we have, beginning with the



onah fled





Morris is like a Pied Pip

character of Jesus Christ himself, indicates that God is indeed not the kind to condemn people just because they have never heard of certain theological doctrines or moral teachings. The missions of the United Church of Christ and most of its partner churches, accept Jonah's belief that we can leave the destiny of the heathen to God, who is both wiser and more merciful than we.

But that is not quite the problem, that those who die without Christ will lose their chance for eternal life. The problem is that those who live without an effective relation to Christ—whether inside the church or out, at home or abroad—lose their chance for the kind of abundant life which Christ can bring his followers now.

Nineveh was like Chicago or Beirut, or almost any city you want to name. It was full of violence and evil (along with many good things no doubt). Life was miserable for many of its citizens, and they in turn made life miserable for citizens of other cities, because no one had ever effectively called them to accept God's plan for their lives. This was the job assigned to Jonah. It is the assignment given the Christian Church in mission today.

This task involves far more, of course, than just proclaiming a few simple gospel truths. Those simple truths are fairly well known in Chicago and Beirut and many other cities (although there are several hundreds of millions of people who don't know them at all). It is not spot announcements of the gospel but a solid, persuasive job of communication which is required. And that calls for the church to show what the gospel means and does, in all kinds of ways.

I think of my friend Morris here in Beirut. He has spent about 4 years learning to speak and to think in two of the most difficult languages for any Englishman to learn—Hebrew and Arabic. Along the way he has picked up some advanced degrees. But his real credentials are the smiles of anticipation which greet him when he steps into the little synagogue of the Jewish quarter, puts on a skull-cap and pulls out his Hebrew Bible. His Jewish friends know that a lively time ahead, as he embarks on a vigorous discussion of whether the Messia

among Kurdish kids at his school

was to be for all peoples or only for one. The explosive mixture of Hebrew and Arabic, vividly punctuated with hand-waving and thumps on the opened Bibles around the table, boils along for 45 minutes or so. Then it is time for the service to begin. The onlookers begin to chant softly, swaying back and forth in their seats. Morris goes off to the gate around the corner which leads into a cramped courtyard. Here some 40 Kurdish refugee families live in as cramped a set of packing-box houses as you could hope to see.

Out of nowhere a mob of kids materializes, while Morris talks briefly to the Kurdish clan leaders. These are fairly rough people, so that their smiles and warm welcome mean something. Ever since the ancient Babylonians tried to subdue them, some 4000 years ago, the Kurds have been fighting for freedom to do as they please in their mountains. For this particular group, displaced by bombs and machine guns from their highland villages, Beirut is a chance for life. But for the kids there is very little—only the narrow streets with their murderous traffic, and a persistent scratching for piastres. No wonder Morris looks like the Pied Piper as he leads the kids to his free school. Here are movies of the wide world, and the beginnings of literacy (a step beyond many of their parents), Bible stories and games. This is a door, opening on to a kind of life which would surpass their imaginations if Morris were not here, sent by the Presbyterians of Ireland.

According to the ancient story, Jonah was fabulously successful in Nineveh. He walked into the city and shouted out his message. Immediately the whole community went into fasting and repentance. Billy Graham himself could hardly match that. However, Beirut and every other 20th century city I know is much more blasé. It takes many Jonahs, working very persistently in a complex pattern of inter-related ministries, even to get the job of mission begun.

One of Morris' sidelines is to teach Hebrew at the Near East School of Theology. Here young men and women of four or five races and as many languages, from at least seven countries, study for the Christian ministry. Another man who helps with their education is Burton.

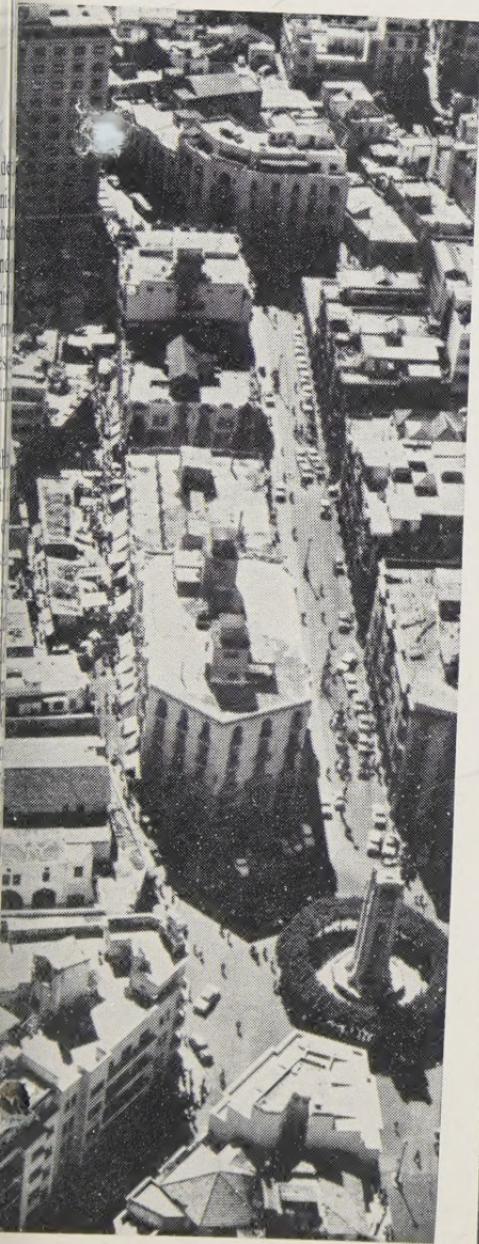


Nineveh is your neighbor

His real job is to teach at the largest American institution outside North America, and one of the most influential: The American University of Beirut. Our United Church of Christ loans Burton to the University, where he heads up the program of religious studies and serves as chaplain. Most of the N.E.S.T. students take some of his courses, sitting beside young agnostics from America, Muslims from Pakistan, Egypt, Turkey and all the lands between, Sikhs, Maronites, Greek Orthodox, Armenian Catholics, Africans of Anglican or pagan or indeterminate faith, and many other varieties of human being.

One of Burton's problems is teaching from the Old Testament, with its focus on Israel. For the chief emotion of many of the Arabs in his classes is a specific and passionate hatred of modern Israel. The creation of Israel made nearly a million Arabs into homeless, hopeless refugees. Burton has the thankless but indispensable job of disentangling the values of the Old Testament from these vendettas and crimes of the 20th century. In some of his spare hours he also works in the Joint Christian Committee for Refugee Work in Lebanon, through which our church maintains a direct ministry to more than 100,000 of these displaced Palestinian Arabs. Incidentally, there was nothing reluctant about the Jonahs who launched this program immediately after the Arab-Israel war of 1948. Our United Church of Christ was the first group in the whole world to face this raw human need with the essentials of life.

This Palestinian refugee problem is a good sample of the tough and discouraging situation which the church in mission faces at many points. Due to the birth rate in refugee camps, and a good job of public health and basic relief by church and UN agencies, there are more refugees now than 15 years ago. Neither Israel, the Arab countries, nor the refugees themselves will agree on any of the possible solutions for the problem. This tempts us to do what Jonah did—sit under our little green vines and sulk. How nice it would be if somehow all these problem people could just be eliminated (Jonah thinks). But God reminds us, in the last verse of Jonah's book, that there are in this hell "more



It is a melting pot of different faiths



Morris (above) at a Jewish synagogue

Burton visits refugee hospital



Paul at tea with student (below)





Into the city the prophet we



than a hundred and twenty thousand persons who do not know their right hand from their left"—babies and children with absolutely no responsibility for this mess, whatever the faults of their parents.

Another of Burton's extra-curricular responsibilities is to sit on the Board of the University Christian Center in Beirut. Here he helps Paul, the director, shape a program of astonishing versatility. Paul himself brings some remarkable background to the job: Japanese by race, Canadian by citizenship, Buddhist by birth, Marxist and atheist by the influence of a big California university, a convert to Christianity youth leader in Syria, missionary in Iran and Lebanon, a man of extraordinary catalytic powers. (The original Jonah seemed to get by mostly on luck, but today Jonah needs exceptional talents, above all the gift for relating himself to all sorts and conditions of men.) Hence the Center bubbles with ideas, and houses a continuous catalogue. Part of this interchange takes place among the 40 young men who live here, in an interracial, international, intercultural, interfait community. For non-residents there are public programs on Bonhoeffer jazz, Becket, religious art, the Vatican Council, Muslim education, Bible studies by a former President of the United Nations General Assembly, and you name it. An Ethiopian Coptic Christian student brings a Muslim friend to hear about a great contemporary Christian thinker—and reports the experiment a success. Members of the nearby Islamic Center come over to share their slides and enthusiasm about pilgrimage to Mecca. Before the evening is over a radical member of the Muslim group has delivered a more telling indictment of the hearlands of Islam than any Christian would dare to do, starting a grand free-for-all among all present.

One of Paul's major interests is bringing the ancient native churches of the Middle East—Greek, Armenian and Syrian Orthodox, Maronite and others—into fruitful conversation with Protestant groups. These latter have been planted within the past 150 years by missions from the West. Most of their members came from the ancient churches, where these were pretty rigid and reactionary. The Protestant challenge ha

and all began to fast and repent

had good effect on the older Christian groups. But the day for proselytism among Christians is gone.

If the Christian mission in the Middle East is ever to move with new strength it will have to do so through the great indigenous (native) churches and not through the tiny Protestant minorities. Or rather, it will have to proceed through the creative cooperation of all Christians whose home is here, who know the languages and the folkways and who take primary responsibility for their own land. Paul is trying to prepare the time when many of the not-so-reluctant Jonahs from America can depart for other frontiers of mission, knowing that the church of this land has taken up its own proper responsibility.

Morris, Burton, Paul—these are only three out of 30 whose interlacing ministries make up the pattern of American mission in this city. And this is only one city of the Middle East; which is only one of the regions of our missionary involvement. India, Southeast Asia, the Far East, Africa, Latin America, North America, Europe—each of these may well be even more strategic, in its own particular way, than this ancient cradle of human civilization. No article, not even a library, could exhaust the meaning of such a mission. But perhaps one phrase may summarize it! “The Finality of Jesus Christ in the Age of Universal History.” This is the theme which the ablest minds of Christendom are studying just now, under the sponsorship of the World Council of Churches. How could we tell Jonah better than this why he is called to mission? Take a second look at that theme. *Jesus Christ*—here is a way and a truth which every person needs. No matter who he is or what he knows or believes, he has not yet heard the last word about the meaning and the possibilities of life until he has met God through Jesus Christ. *The Age of Universal History*—here we are, all mixed up with one another in this amazing melting pot of the 20th century. Every city is like Beirut, a crossroads for the human race. Nineveh is my neighbor. In fact, I live with one foot in Nineveh, in all the countries and continents and conflicts of the world. It is time for Jonah to get going, for God has set him squarely in a mission from which he can never run away.

—DAVID STOWE



Who WAS Lou Marsh?

The newspaper headline says he was a street worker for the New York City Youth Board who was fatally beaten in East Harlem on January 9, 1963.

The magazine articles, and the television interviews, and the wire service stories go on to tell his story. He was an ex-Yale Divinity School student, graduate of Temple University in Philadelphia, who had been working with an East Harlem gang, the Untouchables, for about nine months. He had rather good luck in establishing a trusting relationship with them. In fact he had succeeded in stopping a rumble that very day. Four older members of the gang, discredited by Lou's influence with the gang, were the ones who ambushed him, and killed him.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends."

His death was a shock to the whole city, even a city that was blacked out by a newspaper strike. Some of us who were his friends were afraid that people would never know of his sacrificial death. We shouldn't have worried about that. The radio stations played it big. The New York supplement to *Life* had a full page picture of his funeral in the Judson Church. The nation was told his story by Chet Huntley and by the *Saturday Evening Post*.

It was the first death in service of a Youth Board worker. The Youth Board has been in operation for a decade in New York, and has pioneered in sending guys like Lou into the streets to work directly with gangs, rather than try to get them into social work agencies. It has been a great program.

On the Sunday morning of the funeral at the Judson Church, of which Lou was a member, a thousand people tried to get in. City officials, fellow workers, and yes, members of the gang, sat in the church with the congregation and Lou's family, and heard the minister, Rev. Howard Moody, say that some people would say that that crummy street where Lou died was not worthy dying for, but that Lou's death had made it holy ground.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends." ▶

"The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church."

Was that crummy street worth a gun?

And this was a martyrdom, as truly as any ever was. Out of love and conviction, a young man risked his life and lost it.

But who really WAS Lou Marsh? The legend rises fast around memory to obscure him and to transform him into a plaster saint.

I first saw him one afternoon of Christmas vacation six years in the doorway of my office—a smiling, handsome young Negro. He was doing an interne year away from the Divinity School as a campus minister at Antioch College. Mutual friends had sent him. We talked about the atmosphere of Antioch College, and the way that any traditional presentation of the Christian faith would fall on its face. He was very debonair, intellectually sharp, very collegiate. Well adjusted you would say. I urged him to come to Judson Church that Sunday. He did, and we talked some more. So well adjusted and poised he seemed. He talked much about his trip to Russia the year before. How brave was the front!

I saw him many times in the next year or so. Whenever he came to New York, he dropped in, or I would run into him in New Haven. He was caught up in the Northern sit-in movement—the Woolworth sympathy picketing—to give support to those first sit-ins in Southern dime stores. Each time I saw him, he was less poised, less secure. He began to neglect his studies. Only the civil rights issue seemed really important. He grew more and more contemptuous of the seeming complacency of his fellow students.

And then one day I got a call from New Haven from him, saying that the school had asked him to leave because he was doing such poor academic work. What should he do? Come to New York. There was no other place.

John Oliver Nelson, from Yale, and I had many phone conversations about how Lou could find himself again, but things went from bad to worse with Lou.

For two years he drifted through New York without really touching it. He felt that his whole world had been torpedoed by something but he wasn't sure what. It wasn't just leaving school. He suddenly began to realize how hard he had worked all of his life to achieve in a white man's world on white terms. He began to hate himself as a Negro, and all whites for making him feel that way.

His respect for words was the greatest casualty. He was good with words, but suddenly he felt that they were impotent. And so he

life? Lou's death made it holy ground

fell silent. The only language he used was feeling language, beat language, if you will, but not self-consciously or to be smart. He couldn't hold a job, because he wouldn't put any good face on his ~~feet~~ legs. He would make no concession to good manners or pleasantries to ease the situation. He wasn't mean or cynical. He was lost, and he waited to be found.

He would come into my office and sit until I just had to go back to work. With his close friends there were few rough edges—sometimes a gentle mocking of your comfortable, insulated position, but he trusted his friends, and did them the honor of never pretending with them.

Doors began to close to him. Employer's doors particularly. And there came a time when the door he most needed opened was to good psychological help. But these doors were hard to pry open, without money. He lived hand to mouth, and in a kind of daze.

What kept him from going completely under was a group of teenage kids he volunteered his time with in a West Side settlement house. He was paid nothing. He gave his open, unprotected self to them, and this was what they needed. They were a group of social outcasts, without much hope either. And he, indignant over the rough deal they were getting in school and in the neighborhood, prodded them into group activity and individual achievement. Then the settlement house asked him to leave, because they did not think he was a desirable influence. He was too much like the kids themselves. Too bad.

But he had hit the bottom, and found there was a floor. He did not disintegrate. He went out and got a job. Personable, Poised, American-Competitive again. The Youth Board hired him, and he found his calling.

Of this he was very sure. For nine months he lived the life that God had called him to. He was building toward a future with it. Yale readmitted him to finish his degree. And then he was going to spend his life with youth. God gave him not a life time in the usual sense to live that calling, but he fulfilled it in God's time, nine months.

He was a guy who suffered personal agony, because he was a Negro, because he was unflinchingly honest. He was in no way Jack Armstrong, the all-American boy. But I suspect that if the truth were known few of the plaster saints really were so smooth and well rounded. They were probably like Lou Marsh.

—ROBERT W. SPIKE



Within the shadow of our fears Thy love sta



iting upon the threshold of our need.

We would like to introduce you to Gertrude Jones who lives in Amherst, Mass. "Gert" is a senior in high school, has been an officer of her class for three years, and is an active officer and participant in PF at the North Congregational Church of Amherst. She is an excellent student who hopes to major in psychology or sociology at college. This summer Gertrude will take part in the National Youth Caravan program of the United Church of Christ.



"Through a work camp experience in a mental hospital in Pennsylvania and volunteer work in a local school for retarded children, I have found satisfaction in companionship with people, sharing problems similar to mine and learning about disorders with which I never had to cope. I understand myself better from these experiences and I have gained a deeper respect for all people."

a teen tal



about sharing yourself/

should Mission be abolished?

Miss  ought to be abolished—the term, that is. We're mixed up on the meaning of mission. Mission has gained the connotation of either projects done in Sunday church school and Pilgrim Fellowship to help both the Yugoslav refugee Ivezic Ljubisa and the Belchertown State School, or the vocation of Christian missionaries who dedicated their lives to such concerns. As popularly understood, mission provides little opportunity for the young adult who has developed a Christian concern for others, but who does not choose missionary work for a vocation.

This limited concept of mission is shared by many of us who are thinking in terms of our immediate future as well as our plans for life. Although we have fond memories of entertaining Clark School for the Deaf in PF and wish we might have such a Christian purpose in our lives, we abandon these ideas, get a summer job, plan for more schooling and a career independent of these mission vocations. And then frustration torments us as we wonder whether or not we'll find a purpose and satisfaction in our work. The problem isn't, of course, the fault of the restricted connotation of the term mission which can be resolved by abolishing the word. Instead, I feel the problem is the limited idea we sometimes have of Christian living. Since mission is as good a word as any to express this Christian living, it might do well to determine exactly what mission is and what mission does.

Both the spreading of religious beliefs and spiritual betterment are two aspects of mission which I think epitomize its Christian concept. These ideas are the *cause* and *result* of mission. But within the *cause*—the propagation of religious belief—there is no stipulation as to means. Is it necessary that one verbally make known his beliefs in order to popularize them? Does one have to set aside a certain time, a chosen place, a designated people to make known his ideas? The recognition of these fallacies eliminates the barriers which have restricted such Christian purpose to the young or the vocationally dedicated.

The *result* of mission—spiritual betterment—is a bilateral process. As you seek to share with someone else something that is real to you, it becomes even more real to you in your very effort to make it real to others. As one communicates his beliefs, he offers new ideas or substantiates old



ones, thus stimulating the religious concern of both himself and the receiver. They say that one does not really know a thing until he can teach it. This act of communication, then, confirms the belief of the conveyor and helps him find his weakness, while in the same way proving invaluable to the receiver. Spiritual betterment is nothing more than a more comprehensive understanding of one's beliefs, which results in a deeper faith and a more worthy purpose. Therefore, whether opposing or supporting the receiver's beliefs, the transmission of ideas can result in spiritual betterment for all concerned.

With an understanding of mission as a general principle of Christian living, one discovers purpose in the summer job, the schooling, the career. The tools of mission are many-faceted. Listening, acting, and speaking are three major devices. The only requirements are the presence of people and the example of Christ. Perhaps this idea of mission is too broad. Adoption of this concept could make everyone's life a mission. And that is precisely the point. If everyone were willing, via deeds especially, to convey his religious convictions by all that he did, then his life would



truly be a mission. If convictions of love, faith, and concern outweighed the baser emotions of envy, despair, and indifference, then mission would prevail.

And as for special mission opportunities, our own age group has the advantage. Through college and summer jobs and activities, we can gain a broader range of acquaintances, a fact stimulating the exchange of ideas and the resulting benefits of mission, while adults are limited by both jobs and family. Various churches, for example, sponsor many inter-denominational projects available to us which are inexpensive and accomplish a particular job which could probably not have otherwise been done. These projects attract kids our own age who are willing to work, help each other, and have a good time while doing it.

Two summers ago I participated in such a church-sponsored workcamp in a mental hospital in Norristown, Pa. There were 17 of us representing eight different states, and what a crew we were! Our job was to whitewash an enormous dairy barn at the hospital. The hospital was actually a small city, as self-sufficient as possible, with its own surgeons, morticians, and



farmers, in addition to the psychiatric staff. Amid the boys' kidnapping raid when they carried the girls off to the dairy barn and made us milk the cows, many of us having scarcely ever seen a cow, and our combined forces organizing a fair and a dance for the patients, our stay was quite an experience, to say the least! Although we never preached to the patients, many of them were thrilled to see a group of kids caring about them and having such a good time. And through our conversations with them around them, I think they came to realize a good deal of what we hoped to represent.

As I felt was the case at Norristown, mission often seems to be a source of answers, of assurance, of hope. But other times when trying one of the hardest to understand a seemingly God-given circumstance, one finds only hopelessness and futility. One experience, which could probably be described as defeat, acquainted me as fully with life itself as any I can recall. I did volunteer work at a local school for retarded children last summer. After having worked with the kids my own age, I visited the infirmary where the retarded children with physical defects lived.

It is difficult to imagine an existence such as these children had. Cloth bound many of them to their chairs. Their deformed and emaciate limbs were tied to their sides for their own protection. These children ranged from five to 15. They were watching television. They were clean and fed. One couldn't tell if they were happy—many couldn't utter a sound. Most of them would not live past 20. And yet as they held your hand or hugged you, you loved them. They seemed incapable of anything but love, and whether it was merely a bodily warmth they felt—I wonder. The why's behind such an existence overwhelmed me. Never have I experienced the power of God and the weakness of man so contrasted. Perhaps this is the call of man to mission. Perhaps by following the selfless example of Christ man can share his power.

—GERTRUDE JONES



COVER STORY

How often have you seen someone in need of help and passed them by? In order to minister, you don't have to be a Good Samaritan on the Jericho Road, or a Lou Marsh at the corner of Harlem's East 112th St. and Second Ave. Look around you. Where there's loneliness, there's need for friendship. Where there's fear, there's need for assurance. Where there's lack of direction, there's need for purpose in life. Where there's ignorance, there's need for knowledge. The need is there. You can't escape it.

CREDITS/

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LINES TO A RICKSHAW PULLER

LINES TO A RICKSHAW PULLER . . .

I pass you every morning
on my way to the station.
The light is raw and the wind is keen.
All around you the city is stretching its limbs
and wiping the sleep from its eyes.
The raucous voice of the crow is everywhere.
But you hear nothing, you see nothing.
You lie curled up in your rickshaw
with sprawling limbs and inert body
like some tired animal.
Some mother must have cradled you
pressing you against the soft comfort
of her warm breasts.
But now you shape your body
to fit the wooden embrace
of the hard sides of your rickshaw
for its walls are your home, your rented home.
Your intimacy with it is very great.
Your worldly possessions are in the box
under the seat with its torn fibre cushion
keeping company with your oil lamps,
the battered old *topee*
you wear on rainy days,
and a few *beedis*.
The shafts are worn smooth
by the contact of your forearms.
The rickshaw and you—
you belong together.
I have passed you by at other times—
when you were not asleep
and something of your life
has trailed after me.
I remember the laughter of your fellows
as you twitted the grain seller
who sits by the rickshaw stand
until the old hag exposed her gums
in a toothless grin . . .

I have watched you fight with your creditors
with the ferocity of a trapped beast
over pitiful sums, the price of a packet of fags.

I have heard you whine for a fare
when the day's earnings were poor.

I have seen you resentful and bitter
when you spat on the ground
and talked unconscious communism.

I pass you by like a hundred others
who also pass you by—
and the road may be the road

from Jerusalem to Jericho for all we know.

I would like to put my hand on your shoulder
and say to you, "Comrade,
there is One who died for us
and dying made us blood brothers."

But I am filled with the cowardice of the well-dressed—
for clothes are by no means flimsy
when it comes to erecting barriers
between man and man.

I am afraid you will wake with a start
and betray resentment in your eyes
as you see in me what I really am—
your well-dressed enemy.

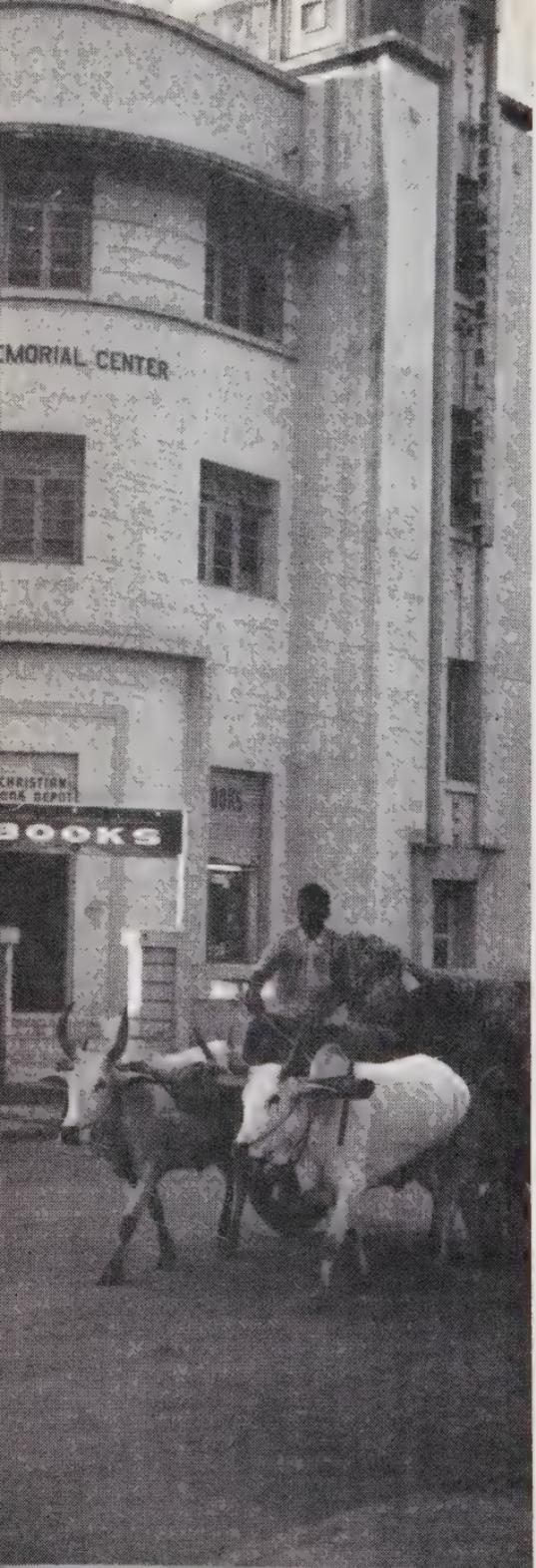
And then you will acknowledge defeat
and put on your mask of patient stupidity.

You will jump up and dust the seat
and grin and point to it with a flourish of your hand.
You will want us to sell our brotherhood
for eight annas.

Day after day I pass you by,
you the man by the roadside
and I the priest and the Levite rolled in one,
passing you by.

—CHANDRAN DEVANESEN
from *The Cross Is Lifted*

What can I do?



The first thing I can do is to *be informed*. If I want to *do* something I must know why, how, when, and where. I should know that the mission study theme this year for my church, and all churches in the National Council of Churches, is two-fold: "The Changing City Challenges The Church" and "The Christian Mission in Southern Asia." On the opposite page is a list of books and visuals which describe these two mission frontiers. This will help me to see how similar these two frontiers are. Both have a variety of religions—Buddhism and Hinduism in Asia; materialism and urban culture in the city. Both are in the throes of rapid change. How is the Christian church meeting the challenge of these two frontiers? How can I meet this challenge as a Christian?

The second thing I can do is to *act*. I can look for places in my own community where I can help. What is my church doing in its local mission to others? Is there a community center where I can direct recreation? Is there a home for older people where I can lend a helping hand and bring joy to shut-ins? Is there a program for retarded children in my town? Is there a Negro or Puerto Rican in my school with whom I could be more friendly and open and caring? Maybe I can give a Christian example to someone in my own family? Mission lies everywhere for the Christian who wants to help and who looks for ways to do this. Mission is caring enough to do something about it.

THE CHANGING CITY CHALLENGES THE CHURCH



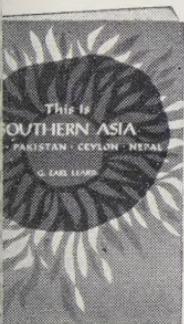
MY BROTHER IS A STRANGER by Bruce Hilton. Exciting and varied episodes show the lack of communication between different people in the city today. Illustrated by a photo essay on city scenes. Paper \$1.75

FOCUS: THE CHANGING CITY by Ted Kimmel and Ward Kaiser. A provocative picture packet showing slums, penthouses, entertainment, families on the move and other phases of city life that challenge the church. (Paper \$1.50) Accompanied by a youth guide on "The Changing City" by Rose Grano Barford. Paper 75c

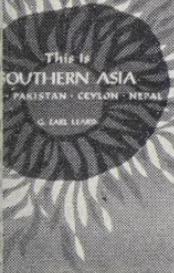
SAFE IN BONDAGE by Robert W. Spike. Deals with the problem and importance of the relationship between mission and culture in the United States. Paper \$1.50

VOICES OF MASS AND CAPITAL A by James Schevill. A choral drama showing the challenge of the city to the church today. Paper 75c

THE CLIFF DWELLERS. A color filmstrip about life in high-rise apartments and its relationship to the church. Rental fee, \$7.00



THE CHRISTIAN MISSION IN SOUTHERN ASIA



THIS IS SOUTHERN ASIA by G. Earl Leard. An informative view into four important countries: India, Pakistan, Ceylon, and Nepal. Paper 85c

MUD WALLS AND STEEL MILLS by Richard W. Taylor and M. M. Thomas. Shows India in the grip of gigantic change—cultural, social, political, economic, and religious—interpreted in the light of the Christian faith. Paper \$1.75

WHAT REALLY COUNTS by Robert R. Powell. Teenagers of southern Asiatic countries discuss their problems with dating, parents, marriage, and religion. Paper \$1.75

THE CROSS IS LIFTED by Chandran Devanesen. A small collection of poems about India and her people. Paper \$1.25

FUN AND FESTIVAL FROM INDIA, PAKISTAN, CEYLON, AND NEPAL by Irene Wells and Jean Bothwell. Authentic festivals, songs, games, recipes and fashions. Paper 75c

CHRISTIAN ISSUES IN SOUTHERN ASIA by P. D. Devanandan. An Asian author discusses the complex issues which Asian Christians must face today. Paper \$1.75



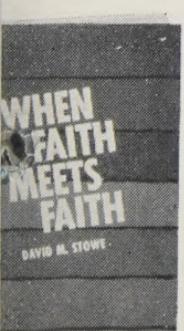
BRANCHES OF THE BANYAN edited by Addison J. Eastman. Articles by Eastern and Western writers which tell about Christian fellowship in South Asia. Paper \$1.95

A DESERT, A HIGHWAY by Darius Leander Swann. A play about a Christian nurse in Pakistan who faces a difficult choice in her struggles to find a place in a changing society. Paper 75c

THREE GLIMPSES EAST by Hetty Prim, John Anand, and Reginald Thambiah. Three discussion starters showing the problems faced by young Christians in a non-Christian culture. Paper 75c

NEW DAY IN NEPAL. A color filmstrip portraying a unique missionary enterprise in an isolated country. Rental fee, \$7.00

RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD



WHEN FAITH MEETS FAITH by David M. Stowe. Describes the major religions and ideologies of the modern world: their origins, cultural settings, beliefs, strengths, and current trends. Also examines Christian attitudes toward other faiths. Mr. Stowe has served in the mission field and has a great concern for and involvement in a variety of religious beliefs. Paper \$1.95; Cloth \$3.50

LIVING RELIGIONS SERIES. Skillful, compact surveys of four of the world's religions and the relationship of Christianity to each. Each, paper 90c

INTRODUCING ANIMISM by Eugene A. Nida and William A. Smalley

INTRODUCING BUDDHISM by Kenneth Scott Latourette

INTRODUCING HINDUISM by Malcolm Pitt

INTRODUCING ISLAM by J. Christy Wilson

*** All books and filmstrips listed may be purchased at any United Church of Christ bookstore.

WHAT DOES IT COST?

A person feels helpless at first when he faces the overwhelming need in the world. His Christian concern and compassion is blunted. Yet he *can* help by giving money, which helps others help those in need. How much does it cost to support the total ministry of the United Church of Christ? Last year \$10,824,201 was given for the work of the national instrumentalities of the United Church and \$5,317,683 was given for the work of the Conferences. For comparable figures, we know that \$148,088,320 was given in 1961 for local church expenses. That brings the total to \$164,230,204 for running the United Church of Christ for a year. With a national membership of 2,279,652, that means it costs \$72 per member to support *all* that our denomination does—both locally and beyond. The total work of the United Church of Christ *beyond* the local parishes and including the work of the General Synod, the instrumentalities, and the Conferences, is encompassed by the term *Our Christian World Mission*. When you give the work of the church beyond your local congregation, you support Our Christian World Mission. In 1962, the \$10,824,000, which was made available to the instrumentalities, covered the costs of staff, offices, travel, programs, services, etc. The following is a description of what each of the instrumentalities does and how much money was allotted to each:

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

\$576,3

General Synod is the national representative body of the United Church of Christ and is composed of both lay and ministerial delegates elected by the State Conferences. Acting on behalf of General Synod between its biennial meetings is the Executive Council which implements the decisions of the General Synod.

BOARD FOR WORLD MINISTRIES

\$3,783,4

Our Church's world-wide mission is symbolized in the United Church Board for World Ministries. Through its Division of World Mission and Division of World Service, it reaches every continent with the words and deeds of the Christian gospel and touches the whole range of human need from food for the body, training for the minds, and light for the soul.

BOARD FOR HOMELAND MINISTRIES

\$3,247,1

Making the message and work of the Church relevant to the needs and life of the United States today is the task of the United Church Board for Homeland Ministries through its Divisions of Church Extension, Christian Education, Evangelism and Research, Publication, Health and Welfare Services, Higher Education and the American Missionary Association.

COUNCIL FOR CHRISTIAN SOCIAL ACTION

\$187,070

The job assigned to the Council for Christian Social Action is "to study the content of the Gospel in its bearing on man in society, provide and publish information and literature on social issues, cooperate . . . in making the implications of the Gospel effective in society, and formulate and promote a program of social education and action."

COUNCIL FOR CHURCH AND MINISTRY

\$245,200

Functions of this council are: to study, plan, and oversee the program of the Church in such areas of concern as pastoral relations, professional standards, education for church-related vocations, life enlistment, aid for students in care of Association, in-service training, religion and health, social and parish workers, military, industrial, and institutional chaplaincies.

COUNCIL FOR LAY LIFE AND WORK

\$188,480

The Council for Lay Life and Work grew out of the former men's and women's groups of the two uniting denominations. The Council's purpose is to help all church men and women to grow full stature as mature Christians, to help them understand and take part in the whole task of the Church, and to develop and coordinate necessary programs.

STEWARSHIP COUNCIL

\$812,770

To help churches and individual Christians understand and give support to Our Christian World Mission, the Stewardship Council provides many printed and visual resources and a variety of programs through its three departments—Stewardship Education, Information and Interpretation, Promotion.

OFFICE OF COMMUNICATION

\$233,210

The Office of Communication provides thorough news coverage of the activities and concerns of the United Church of Christ and its instrumentalities, operates with other Protestant denominations in the production and financing of radio and television programs, produces motion pictures, and provides education and research in mass media.

PENSION BOARDS

\$965,540

What happens to full-time church workers when they retire or suddenly need help? The aims of the Pension Boards are to help the churches provide for the retirement years of their ministers and ministers' widows, to render emergency aid in the hour of need, and to be friend of all those who have served in church vocations.

CONTINGENCIES

Includes additional expenditures for the work of the Permanent Headquarters Committee, gifts from the United Church to other bodies, litigation expenses, and other disbursements for instrumentalities.

NOTE: These figures represent gifts from living donors. Additional funds are available to some if the instrumentalities from invested funds and bequests. No figures are available presently on such funds.

JONAH AND ME

As you speak to me, O God,
I see the need in Nineveh.
But I refuse to go.
Those people are not worth saving!

*I see the lonely pass me
in the halls at school, but who
wants to be friends of an outcast?*

*I see sad, scrawny faces
in photos from overseas.
Thank God, I'm in America!*

Leave me alone, God!
Must you follow me everywhere?
Why don't you punish those evil people
in Nineveh and be done with it?
Why must I suffer for their sins?

*Why does that ugly guy always
get assigned to the same
classroom as mine?*

*Why do those ungrateful Asians
and Africans condemn our
peace-loving nation?*

Here I am, Lord. I have preached
your prophecy of doom.
But look what's happening!
These people listen and repent!
I just can't understand how
you can forgive such sinners!

*That oddball is now class prexy!
And HE gave ME a top committee post!
He's really queer!*

*Those young nations are
even becoming democratic!
They die for freedom!
What's the world coming to?*

And now, Father, you are even
willing to forgive me!

